

# Jacksonville Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1879.

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## THE REPUBLICAN.

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"EVER MIND."

What's the use of always fretting? At the end of the world, Ever shown along our pathway? Travel on and "never mind."

Travel onward: working, hoping, At the trials once encountered, Look ahead, and "never mind."

What is past is past forever, Let all fretting be resigned; It will never help the matter—Do your best, and "never mind."

And if those who might befriend you, When the ties of nature bind, Should refuse to do their duty, Look to Heaven and "never mind."

Friendly words are often spoken When the feelings are unkind, Then when for their real value, Pass them by, and "never mind."

Fate may threaten, clouds may lower, Ever may be combined; If your trust is in God's hand, He will help you "never mind."

### A Romance of the Pistol.

Barney McBriar was the hero and the terror of Mad Mule Flat. He was by profession a shooter, twenty-one years of age. His sole stock in trade consisted of two navy revolvers, a couple of derringers and a bowie knife. These articles never left his person. He sustained life, mainly, by swallowing daily an indefinite number of "whisky straight," for which no barkeeper ever thought of demanding pay. He ruled Mad Mule Flat with a rod of iron. His four pistol barrels were four literal, ruling rods of iron. His body was adorned with a cowboy's raiment, he lodged and fed sumptuously, his linen was of the purest and whitest; yet like unto the wild lilies of the valley, he neither toiled nor spun. The Israelitish clothing dealer groaned heavily in spirit when Barney McBriar entered, his establishment and ordered of him a suit, yet he ventured no remonstrance. Why? Because it is unhealthy to irritate a shooter. Barney McBriar was a shootist.

At the tender age of nine years, Barney McBriar's school-marm on one day boxed his ears. Whereupon little Barney whipped out a bowie knife, the present of a Texas uncle (whose last advice was never to take a blow from any man), and with it he explored the digestive organs of his female preceptor. The school-marm was ever afterwards afflicted with chronic dyspepsia, the effect of this cutting reproof. After this occurrence the Board of Education at Mad Mule Flat was unable to procure any more school-marms. So, little Barney's education was for a time neglected, although he managed to keep himself in practice by playfully shooting two of his little brothers, who were thereby named for life. Peleg Haddam kept school at Bull Tail Gulch. The interesting little Barney was sent to Mr. Haddam's seminary. When Mr. Haddam heard that he was to be patronized by the youthful McBriar, he made his will and had his life insured. "The wise man foreseeth evil, and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished." Peleg Haddam next provided himself with a double-barreled shot-gun. The juvenile McBriar heard of the military preparations of his future preceptor with coolness, merely remarking, "I'll get him yet."

It was a bright May morning in June. Peleg Haddam was running his school under a full head of steam. Suddenly he detected the sanguinary McBriar reading the "Life of Sixteen Stringed Jack." "Give me that book, you sir," said Peleg Haddam to Barney McBriar. "I won't," Peleg Haddam snatched the sublimely colored volume from his six-shooter and blow off Mr. Haddam's head! The school being without a head immediately broke up. Haddam was interred along with the school-marm, and the unfortunate pedantic corpse formed a nucleus for Barney McBriar's cemetery. Public opinion was principally on the side of the gallant McBriar. He became an object of interest and sympathy, and henceforth was no longer regarded by his elders as a child. The Board of Education experienced a great difficulty in getting another teacher for Barney, as Bull Tail Flat was avoided by all paripatetic pedagogues. At length a discharged convict strayed into camp, and unaware of the risk he ran was induced to take the school at thirty dollars a month and "board around."

The discharged convict preceptor, complaining one morning that he was obliged to sleep, while boarding in a Dutch family along with four of his pupils, Barney McBriar, who allowed no one to abuse the inhabitants of Bull Tail Flat save himself, "coolly" blew the top of the convict's head off. He then gave himself up to the authorities. Forty-six of the leading and influential citizens of the town at once offered to give bail for Barney McBriar. The day of trial came. The Court, after receiving Gin Hop, a Chinaman, to two years imprisonment at San Quentin, for stealing a pair of boots, called the case of the People vs. McBriar. The trial lasted four hours. Forty or fifty witnesses testified favorably as to the moral character of the defendant. The jury were out five minutes, and returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." The Court then adjourned, and everybody got drunk. Many young men reckoned that night as the proudest period of their existence, when they were fortunate enough to be introduced to Mr. McBriar, and take him by the hand. The next morning, at the dawn of the day, left the next morning, attended by a large concourse of friends.

Six years had elapsed. Barney McBriar and his friend McShoot were seated smoking on the piazza of the Magnolia Hotel. Barney was regarding, with an observant eye, his cemetery on the hillside, which had increased considerably in size, and was laid in a neat and tasteful manner. Occasionally a citizen of the Flat, minus an arm, a nose, an ear, or a leg, limped past, carrying evidence of Barney's pistolary skill. Barney had been reading Maltins on population that morning and felt that something should be done to prevent the frightful increase of the human race. Moreover, he had killed no one for three days. His conscience troubled him. "There's one grave needed to make the number even on the left hand row of the third plot over my cemetery," said McBriar. "You mean the stranger's department?" said McShoot. "McBriarwood" was laid out in four separate plots. One for politicians, one for strangers, one for school-masters, and one

for miscellaneous Chinamen. At that moment two well-dressed strangers rode up to the door. "I say you, that's my horse," roared McBriar to one of the strangers. "I lost him two years ago. He has my brand on the off shoulder." "Why, my dear sir, I bought—" "You lie!" cried McBriar, rushing forward, pistol in hand, and seizing the animal by the bridle. The stranger made a motion with his hand as if to draw a pistol, when McBriar, without a moment's hesitation, "blew the top of his head off," and McShoot, who, during this altercation, had carefully kept the other stranger covered, also "blew the top of his head off."

"Hang it, we're no better off now than before," said McBriar.

"How so?" said McShoot.

"There were six graves on one side and seven on the other, before, while now the number is still uneven, since there will be seven on one side and eight on the other," said McBriar.

During the conversation the two strangers died in a quiet, unobtrusive manner.

"Never mind. I'll make it all right," said McBriar, and so saying, he leveled his pistol at a traveling book and newspaper agent passing by, and skillfully "blew the top of his head off."

"Here, take these men and bury them," said McBriar to a passing traveler, giving him a dollar.

McBriar and McShoot gave themselves up to the Justice of the Peace. "Justifiable homicide, wasn't it?" said the Justice.

"Of course it was," said McBriar. "Why, the cusses, both carried concealed weapons."

"Well, I'll let you off this time, but you must be a little more careful, boys," said the Magistrate.

"O, you drop up," said McShoot, "or we'll blow the top of your head off."

The Magistrate was silent, but the insult was not forgotten.

That night, McBriar and McShoot were seated in the Magnolia, playing poker with two cattle drovers. In consideration of the fact that McBriar held as many aces as he wanted, and had every longer in the room by telegraphing to him, it is not singular that he had already won some two thousand dollars.

Just then a voice was heard at the door, saying, "McBriar, come out here a moment."

McBriar stepped to the door, but out his head, and the last vision on which his mortal eyes rested was the outraged Justice of the Peace, behind a large double-barreled goose gun. The next moment came a stunning report, and McBriar had "the top of his head off."

McShoot ran to the assistance of his friend, but he was promptly met by the other barrel, and off went the top of his head.

Quiet now reigns in Bull Tail Flat.

### Forgiving an Assault.

John Quincy Adams, when irritated, was not the mildest-mannered man that ever sat in Congress. But he was a Christian, and a word of apology, even from one who had grossly insulted him, would banish all resentment from his heart. One day, some thirty-four years ago, while Mr. Adams was busy in his seat in the House of Representatives, a page approached and said that a Mr. Sangster desired to speak with him at the door. Going out, the old man was met by that person, who, in an angry tone, exclaimed: "You are wrong, you are wrong, and I will kick you."

First, thrusting his right hand in Mr. Adams' face, he drew back to strike him. But the old gentleman was too quick for his cowardly assailant. In an instant the man's wrists were seized, and he found himself powerless in Mr. Adams' vigorous grasp. The bystanders interfered, and Sangster was locked up in jail. Thence he wrote a letter to Mr. Adams, apologizing for the assault, and attributing it to sudden passion. It was trivial, and Mr. Adams, being called as a witness, described the assault, but said that, from the moment he received Sangster's apology, all resentment had been eradicated, and that he would have been pleased if the case had not been prosecuted. The court, however, sentenced the assailant to thirty days' imprisonment and one hundred dollars fine.

### Lobster Catching.

The lobster is often caught in a kind of trap or "lobster-pot," as it is often called. It is made with narrow strips of board or lath nailed upon strong hoops, so as to give it an oval form upon the top. Inside are placed stones to sink it to a certain depth. At each end of the pot is a network of cord fastened to a small hoop in the centre of the net. Through the hoop of six inches in diameter, perhaps the lobster struggles to get the bait placed inside the cage. But when once in he finds himself a prisoner; for he cannot retreat at the same door by which he entered. The situation of the trap is marked by a buoy, and is visited at intervals to remove the game and make room for others. They are sometimes caught with merely a piece of fish tied to the end of a string—the lobster conveys the bait to his mouth with his claws, and will let him draw him to the surface if you do it quietly so as not to alarm him; but if frightened in the least he is off like a flash. You must grasp him the instant his horns are out of the water. In this country the lobster is found from the coast of New York, Northward; the best are taken on the rocky shores of New England, North of Cape Cod. Fishermen at Marshfield and Plymouth, Mass., catch from 50,000 to 100,000 a year, which are sold to Boston dealers. Great numbers have been put up in cans and shipped abroad. The packing houses of Portland, Me., send large quantities in tins to England. It is said that the demand for canned lobsters in America equals the supply.

### Given Up by Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you that it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well-a-day! That is remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George. I know hops are good."

### Thrilling Adventures With Tigers.

Dr. Wilson tells the following stories in relation to interviews with tigers in New Granada. "On the Magdalena river a fellow traveler pointed out to us his farm, and also his two dogs, which gaze at us as we pass at some distance from the shore, and which he assures us, are masters in the art of trailing the tiger and bringing him to bay while himself and comrades surround him with strong spears, upon which he rushes to his destruction. These spears have cross-pieces at the distance of eighteen inches from their points, in order to keep the fierce brute at a safe distance after he is penetrated by the spear. The hunters here fear to attack the tiger with the rifle, because, if not hit in a vital part by the first shot, they will inevitably destroy the hunter, because his terrible charge must involve the stoutest heart and steadiest aim, so that it would be only a very lucky bullet that would arrest his fearful onrush. The tigers have killed thirty-three cattle on the farm of our fellow passenger during the last two years, and he and his assistants have killed twenty-one tigers in retaliation. Their favorite mode of attack upon grown cattle is to stealthily approach and spring upon them while sleeping, and bite them through the nape of the neck, just as their smaller feline relatives do their prey; but they often dispatch horses and mules by a single blow of their powerful claws upon the head, after which they eat away the breast and neck, frequently returning for a second meal the following night. It seldom attacks man, and only when pressed with hunger, or when the victim is found sleeping, then he cleaves open his skull with a terrible stroke of his powerful paw. When attacked, however, he does not fail to return the aggression with fearful earnestness.

Our captain relates one of the former cases that happened to his knowledge during the last year, viz.: It is the custom of wood-choppers along the river, when their huts are in isolated spots, to construct a high scaffold or guret, to which they ascend to sleep by a ladder, which they draw up after them; but one who had not yet finished his hut, located at the confluence of a considerable creek with the Magdalena, had neglected the usual precaution of building a fire, and keeping it burning during the night in order to frighten away the tigers that might be prowling about his camp. As it was a bright moonlight night he chose, instead, to sit by his door with his rifle, on guard, while his wife slept. Towards morning the wife awoke, and insisted on relieving her husband of the watch, in order that he might get some sleep and be refreshed for the next day's labor. He consented, and when he awoke in the morning the wife was missing. Eagerly he sought and called aloud for his missing companion, but all in vain, till on nearing the creek he discovered in the sand a trail as if something like a body had been dragged along, and tiger tracks by its side, led to a painful probability to his horrible suspicions. Following the trail it soon led to the water, procuring his canoe and paddle, he followed the trail on the opposite side of the creek, and not far away, came upon the mangled, half-devoured remains of his missing wife, with skull crushed in, showing that death had probably surprised her so instantaneously that she had no time for outcry. Knowing the habits of the fierce brute after gorging himself, the husband peered about in the direction of the tracks, and soon discovered him asleep under the edge of the jungle. Creeping to a sure distance, he fired, and he was rewarded with a messenger of death, crashing through his brain. With his own hands the woodman performed the mournful task of gathering the mutilated remains of his loved companion into his canoe, to which he also dragged the body of her slayer, and commenced his solemn retreat to the nearest hamlet.

A passenger told of another case he knew of recent occurrence, in which a man and his son, carrying four weapons with which the usual method the tigers seldom approach wrapped themselves in their blankets and hid themselves down to sleep with their dog between them as guard. Towards morning their fire had gone out and suddenly, strange, rushing, bustling and yelping noises and cries startled them from their slumbers. Springing to their feet and staring wildly about them nothing was to be seen, except the dog was lying dead, with his paw clamped on the trigger of a loaded revolver, which the tigers seldom approach wrapped themselves in their blankets and hid themselves down to sleep with their dog between them as guard. Towards morning their fire had gone out and suddenly, strange, rushing, bustling and yelping noises and cries startled them from their slumbers. 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## REPUBLICAN OFFICE

## WHEN ALL IS DONE.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down

And the day and the night are the same as

one.

The year grows green and the year grows

brown.

And what is it all when all is done.

Grains of sabbre or shitting sand

Sliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas.

And a hundred ships are the same as one;

And backward and forward 'tween the breeze.

And what is it all when all is done?

A tide with never a stone in sight

Sitting steadily on toward the night.

The fisherman droppeth his net in the stream.

And a hundred streams are the same as one;

The maiden dreameth her love's dream.

And what is it all when all is done

The fisher's net the burden breaks.

And after the dreaming the dreamer awakes.

## Mr. Palmleaf's Proposal.

White and glistening like a mammoth  
bridal veil, the December sun lay over all  
the New Hampshire hills; dark and delicate,  
like the tracery of lacework, the leafless  
woods held up their boughs against the  
dazzling winter sky—and the Reverend  
Peter Palmleaf studying over an embryo  
sermon in his own especial sanctum glanced  
up where a blackbird was whistling in the  
casement, and thought to himself what a  
lovely world the Lord had made.

When, all of a sudden, a shrill voice

called through the entry:

"Peter, the horse is ready."

"What horse?" asked the Rev. Mr.

Palmleaf.

"Our horse, to be sure!" said Miss Paulina,

his sister.

"What for?" demanded the parson, staring

through his near-sighted spectacles at the door.

"To take you to Mr. Darrow's."

"Why, am I going to Mr. Darrow's?"

further questioned the man of theology.

"Well, I never!" said Miss Paulina,

bouncing into the study, with a yellow

pocket handkerchief tied around her head

and her sleeves rolled in a business-like

fashion up to her elbows. "Peter, you

grow more comely and absent-minded every

day of your life. Have you forgotten our

discussion at the breakfast table? Why,

you are going to Mr. Darrow's after a girl,

to be sure!"

"A girl!" repeated the young minister,

dreamily, rubbing his forehead. "Oh, I

do recall something of the conversation. A

hired girl."

"Yes," nodded the lady briskly. "She's

going to leave Mr. Darrow's this morning,

because the family is so large and work so

heavy. She can't find fault with our

establishment, I guess. Ask her how much

wages she wants, and how old she is, and

ask her whether she has any followers—a

follower is the one thing I can't tolerate,

tell her—and be sure you bring her back

with her bundles; as I must have her or

some person to help me before cousin

Philinda's folks come from the city."

"But suppose she won't come!" said the

young minister, dubiously, fidgeting on the

fingers of his gloves.

"Then you must make her come," said

Miss Paulina, hurriedly retreating, to look

after a certain kettle, which was noisily

boiling over, at the back of the house.

And thus, charged with his mission, the

Reverend Peter Palmleaf got into the one-

horse cutter and drove away.

Mr. Darrow's farmhouse nestled under a

hill, in the protecting shadow of a cluster

of evergreens, with a green fence in front

of it, a red barn at the rear, and a colony

of doveshows at the sunny southern angle;

and Mr. Darrow himself, a ruddy-faced,

elderly man with a fringe of white whiskers

around his chin, was shoveling away the

pearly masses of snow in front of his door.

"Eh!" said Mr. Darrow, leaning on the

handle of his spade, as the bells jingled up

in front of his gate, and then stopped.

"How? Why, it's the minister! Good

morning, Mr. Palmleaf—good morning!

That there Sunday sermon of yours was a

masterpiece. Me and Squire Sennex—"

"Yes," said Mr. Palmleaf, leisurely

alighting, and tying the horse to the post.

"I have called on business this morning."

For Mr. Palmleaf was emphatically a

man of one idea, for the time being, the

"hired girl" had chased all theology out of

his head.

"Eh!" said Mr. Darrow, "business?"

"I've come after a young woman,"

said the minister.

Mr. Darrow dropped the spade in the

middle of the snow-drift."

"Do you mean Dolly?" he said.

"That's her name—yes, asserted the

minister solemnly.

"You don't mean that—it is to be an

engagement?" cried Mr. Darrow.

"Well, yes—that is, if we suit each

other," said Mr. Palmleaf, mildly.

"Jerusalem!" said Mr. Darrow, who had

always heard that Mr. Palmleaf, like most

men of genius, was an "eccentric," but

had never realized it before. "Have you

spoken to her?"

"Certainly not!" answered Mr. Palm-

leaf. "Of course I shouldn't think of such

a thing without seeing you first."

"Very straightforward of you, I'm sure,"

said the farmer. "But, of course, I can

have no objection, if Dolly herself is suited.

Though," and he smote one red mitt

hand upon his knee. "Now I come to think

of it, you've never seen Dolly."

"No!" said the minister serenely.

"But that need make no difference."

"Jerusalem!" again uttered the farmer.

It wasn't the way I used to look at things

when I was a young man."

"Tastes differ," said Mr. Palmleaf, a

little impatient at this lengthened discus-

sion.

"Oh, of course you can see her," said

Mr. Darrow. "She's in the dairy, skim-

ming milk. Dolly! Dolly!" raising his

voice to a wild yell. "Here's the Rever-

end Mr. Palmleaf, wants to see you!

There's the door, just to the left, sir."

And, in his near-sighted way, the minis-

ter stumbled into Farmer Darrow's dairy,

where a rosy-cheeked girl, with jet-black

hair, brushed away from a low, olive-dark

brow, and eyes like pools of sherry wine,

was skimming the cream from multitudi-

ous milkpans into a huge stone pot.

"Young woman," said Mr. Palmleaf,

turning his spectacles upon her amazed

face, "do you want to engage yourself?"

"Sir?" said Dolly, her spoon coming to

an abrupt standstill amid the wrinkly and

leather-like folds of the cream on a particu-

lar pan.

"In other words," explained Mr. Palm-

leaf, "do you want a good home!"

"Indeed, sir, I never thought of such a

thing!" said Dolly, all in a flurry.

"How old are you?" questioned Mr.

Palmleaf.

"I am eighteen," said Dolly, in confu-

sion.

"Have you any followers?"

"Sir?" fluttered Dolly.

"Baux, I mean," elaborately explained

the clergyman.

"Of course, I haven't," said Dolly, half

inclined to laugh, half to be angry.

"Then I think you'll suit me," said Mr.

Palmleaf; "or rather my sister. Our fam-

ily is not large; the work is light, and

Paulina is a most considerate mistress. Get

your bundle."

"My—what?" said Dolly in bewilder-

ment.

"Your clothes. I am to take you back

with me immediately," said Mr. Palmleaf.

"Paulina except company. It is essential

that we obtain help at once."

Dolly Darrow looked up with cheeks

crimson like any rose, eyes full of deep

brown sparks, and lips around which

danced a perfect galaxy of dimples.

Wait a minute please," she said.

"Certainly," said Mr. Palmleaf.

And he sat down on a wooden stool in the

corner, and fell to meditating on the

"thirteenth" of his uncompleted sermon,

while Dolly sped up stairs, three steps at a

time.

"Father," cried she, flying into the pres-

ence of her parents, "the minister has mis-

taken me for Bridget!"

"Eh?" said Mr. Darrow.

"You don't tell me, said Mrs. Darrow.

"And he wants to hire me," said Dolly,

her eyes gleaming with fun. "And I'm

going. Quick—where's my hat, and

shawl, and mufflers?"

Mrs. Darrow rose up in the majesty of

her black silk gown and gold watchchain.

"Dorothy Darrow," said she, "you're

never going to hire as a servant?"

"Yes, I am," said Dolly. "It's better

than private theatricals. He's so nice and

absent-minded, and Paulina is a jewel! Oh

do make haste or he'll be tired of wait-

ing!"

And Dolly succeeded in carrying her

point. Fifteen minutes later she had got

into the cutter, with a parcel, which Mr.

Palmleaf stowed snugly away under the

seat, and the minister drove home with se-

cret exultation.

Miss Paulina was in the kitchen frying

sausages for dinner, when Dorothy Darrow

walked in, with cheeks like carnations,

hair blown all over her face, and the bun-

dle under her arm.

"Here I am, Miss Palmleaf," said she.

"The hired girl, at your service!"

Miss Paulina started.

"Why, it's Dorothy," said she. "And

I sent Peter after—"

"Yes, I know," said Dolly brightly.

"But Bridget was gone, and he mistook

me for her, and he has engaged me to work

here. And oh, Miss Paulina, please don't

unwelcome him. Because I am a smart

little housekeeper, and I can help you just

as much as any Irish girl could. Just give

me a trial, that's all."

Miss Paulina had a shrewd appreciation

of a joke; her hard features relaxed with a

smile, as she stood looking down at the ra-

diant little burnette.

"Well," said she, "I don't mind if I

do."

For one month Dorothy Darrow offici-

ated as hired girl at the parsonage. Then

she came to the clergyman, one day:

"Mr. Palmleaf," said she, "I am going

to leave the place."

Mr. Palmleaf looked up in amazement

and dismay.

"I hope, Dolly," said he, "that neither

my sister or I have unwittingly offend-

ed you?"

"No!" said Dolly, patting her little foot

on the staring green leaves in the study-

carpet. "But oh, Mr. Palmleaf, I have done

wrong, and I earnestly beg your pardon!"

"Dolly!" cried out the Reverend Peter,

in mild surprise.

"Because you are so good and true,"

sobbed the girl, "and I am not







**Strayed** from the subscribed about 2 months since, a very large cow, about nine years old. She has red sides with white spots, a white belly, and horns somewhat trumpled, and legs quite short. When she left, she had a large, yearling calf, with a white face, and quite long legs. Any information in regard to her will be suitably rewarded. Address me at Jacksonville, Ala.

T. H. YARBOROUGH.

June 13, '98.

**INFANT SCHOOL.**

Mrs. Ida Woodward will open in the Female Academy, Monday June 14th, a school for children. Tuition, \$1 per month. June 14th-15.

It is now thought that Congress will adjourn in eight or ten days.

Mr. John M. Caldwell, after an absence of six weeks, in Memphis, Huntsville and other points, has returned to Jacksonville.

We learn that Mr. William Weir is rapidly improving in health since going to Cleburne county and breathing that pure air and drinking that wholesome water.

**DIED.**—Last Friday night Mrs. George Williams, living three miles South of this place, of dropsy of the heart. The stricken husband, father, mother and sisters have the sympathy of our community.

The wheat crop of this (Calhoun) county is said to be better than for ten years past.

**WANTED.**—By the 1st of Oct., 30,000 first-class shingles. Apply to E. McCLELLAN, 100 J. DEAN, A. M. LEBBETTER, Alexandria, Ala.

The friends of the Selma, Rome & Dalton railroad now make close connection at Ocala to and from Montgomery.

Since the Press Convention, Gadsden has been the best advertised town in the State. All the papers represented in the late Convention, speak of the place in most glowing terms of praise.

We direct attention to the call for a S. S. Convention at Oxford, July 12th. We hope the different Sunday schools of Jacksonville may be represented in the Convention. Sunday school work is a most important one, and should not be neglected.

The attention of school teachers is called to the fact that the Republican prints all the notices of the school superintendent, and the programmes of the teachers' conventions etc. We do this free of charge, in the interest of public education; and teachers will find it to their interest to subscribe for the paper, and thus keep themselves posted in this regard.

Mr. John Whitlock, a promising young lawyer of Gadsden, paid us a very pleasant visit last week.

Parties who owe us for subscription to the paper can pay in wheat at the market price, if they will bring it in soon.

Spring chickens would sell like hot cakes in this market now; as would fresh beef, mutton, butter and eggs. Bring them in.

**STRAYED.**—One young muley cow, with white and red spots. Is with first calf; but calf not with her. Parties knowing her whereabouts will confer a favor by leaving information at this office.

We need money and want those who are due us, to pay at least a part, if they cannot pay all of their accounts. We have cash paper bills to meet and other cash expenses and positively cannot indulge subscribers to an unreasonable extent. Do your duty. Send us what you can, if you can't come in person, and we will give you due credit for it.

Jacksonville needs a market house. Such an establishment would pay handsomely here. As it is we have no regularity in our supply of fresh meat, eggs, chickens, butter etc., but it would be different if we had a good market house run by a live man. We are satisfied that a majority of our citizens will pledge their support to any one who will start the enterprise. What say the people of Jacksonville?

Mr. L. D. Miller, of Alexandria valley, has laid upon our table some heads of Clawson wheat, cut this season. They are nearly seven inches long each, and are a specimen of the general average. This is a new wheat Mr. Miller has been trying this year. From the result of this experiment, it would look as if it were a good wheat to introduce into this country. We presume he will make enough to sell off some to enable his friends to get into this seed.

Bishop R. H. Williams will visit this place Thursday the 26th and Friday the 27th inst., and preach in St. Luke's church the nights of both days.

Terrific exploits of that bear in the northern part of this county last week, continues to come to us. Mr. Prater was plowing in his field. He saw in front of him what he supposed to be a black sheep getting over the fence. He played on towards it and smiled to himself as he thought how he would make that black sheep dust when he got to it. The sheep continued to advance; and when it got pretty close to Mr. Prater, that individual suddenly grew very serious. He had been to a menagerie and thought he could tell a black bear from a black sheep when he saw it. He was at all scared, but he remembered about that time that he had some business at home—wasn't certain but what he had heard the horn blow for dinner. His business was pressing and he didn't wait to plow out the furrow. He had seen so many bears that he didn't care even to stay to look at it. In the mean time the bear kept advancing, and Mr. Prater's business grew more pressing. He mounted his mule and struck a trot. So did the bear. Mr. Prater thought he would see if there was any galloping in that mule, still he wasn't sure. He had never galloped him before and it just happened to occur to him then to try him. The bear galloped too. Then it occurred to Mr. Prater that here was a chance for the children to see a traveling menagerie without buying a ticket, and for fear the bear might get out of sight before he got home, Mr. Prater made that mule just fairly fly. The mule entered heartily into Mr. Prater's enthusiasm and got up and dusted in a manner highly creditable to him. The united efforts of mule and mule's back beat the bear, and by the time Mr. Prater got the door barred and the children to the window, and loaded his gun, and summoned his reserves and planted his batteries to give Bruin a salute, the animal passed out of sight and Mr. Prater's free show was spoiled for that day. Mr. Prater was not a tall scared, mind you, but he keeps one eye skinned now when he plows that field and leaves the gap down so that he can get it quickly in event anything should happen requiring his attention.

Julien C. Brown, of Scottsboro, carried off the highest medal at the Vanderbilt University last week. It was the "Founders Medal for Oratory." The oratorical contest was between four young men, elected by the Societies, and Mr. Brown's friends offer hearty congratulations on the reward he so richly merited.—Scottsboro Herald.

Rev. J. C. Brown, who has just graduated with highest honors, at the Vanderbilt, has been appointed by the Bishop to take charge of a church at Batesville, Ark. This is one of the finest congregations, it is said, in the White River Methodist Conference. Mr. Brown will leave in a few days for Arkansas. We are glad that he starts upon his ministerial career under such happy auspices.

SCOTTSBORO HERALD.

**CALHOUN COUNTY SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.**

The committee to whom was entrusted the calling of the Calhoun County Sunday School Convention, have decided upon Oxford as the place of meeting, and said convention is hereby called to meet in that town Saturday, 9 A. M., July 12, 1898. Each Sunday school is earnestly invited to send two delegates and one additional delegate for every hundred members in regular attendance.

Oxford extends a hearty welcome to all delegates and gives each a cordial invitation.

Matters of interest connected with the Sunday school work will come before the Convention, and subjects of importance will be discussed by men of experience and ability.

A programme will shortly be issued, giving subjects and speakers on the occasion. We urge upon each Sunday school to send as their representatives, men of prayer, wisdom and devotion to the work.

The work is of vast importance and appeals to the patriotism and devotion of every Christian man, and it is earnestly hoped and confidently expected that our people will come out and make the Convention a success.

ROBT. McKEBBON,  
JOSHUA DRAPER,  
THOS. H. BARRY,  
JERE SMITH, Com.

**TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.**

WHEREAS, God has called from our midst Bro. Joe. Yoe, who was a member of this Lodge; and whereas another link in our mystic chain has been broken, and whereas an other home has been made desolate, and a wife and children's hearts have been stricken with sorrow, it is becoming to us to give expression to our feelings, therefore, Resolved, That while we cannotathom the depths of that Providence which cut down our Bro. in his strength and bore his family of his presence, support and counsel, we know that what he doeth is right. He is too wise to err and too good to go wrong. We therefore bow in meek submission to his will.

2nd. That in the death of our brother, Hartwell Lodge, has lost a faithful and honored Mason, the community a worthy citizen, his family a kind husband and father.

3d. That his family are entitled to the sympathy of the Lodge which is hereby extended them in the spirit of the principles of our Institution.

4th. That we will emulate the virtues of our deceased brother, and thereby over his faults the mantle of charity.

5th. That he will wear the usual badge of mourning for 30 days.

6th. That a copy of this Preamble and Resolutions be furnished the family of the deceased and the Oxford Record and Jacksonville Republican, with the request that they be published.

7th. That this Preamble and Resolutions be spread upon the Minutes of this Lodge, and that a blank page be dedicated to the memory of Bro. Yoe.

THOS. H. BARRY,  
JNO. F. GRAHAM,  
T. L. ROBERTSON, Com.

Hartwell Lodge, No. 101,  
Oxford, Ala., June 30, 1898.

**FOUND.**—A heavy gold locket with two portraits within, and having on the back engraved, "M. H. S. to W. R. S." The owner can have it by paying for this advertisement.

**CLEBURNE NEWS.**

The wheat crop is now safe from disaster, and much of it has already been harvested, and as far as heard from, it is good. The oat crop is very fine—perhaps better than has been since 1858, when it was so near totally ruined by the rust. The other crops are quite promising. During the rains a few weeks since, the grass took its position in every lawn's field, and in some it seemed it would soon become the principal account; but at this time the farmers have declared war against it; and rallied all their available forces, and brought on the attack in good earnest.

And now in the fields are seen Heaps of grass, in ruins lie, Which last week was fresh and green. But now are fields and dry.

Crops in general are well along; so the farmers may spare the necessary time for harvesting, the greater part of which will be done during the present week.

There will be a public examination of the Edwardsville High school on the 13th inst. and an exhibition at night.

The general health of the country is good. Provisions plentiful, labor in demand—money scarce. The country is quiet, and every thing gliding along smoothly.

Edwardsville, June 10, '98.

DOUBLE U. BEE.

**OBITUARY.**

Rufus Burns was born Dec. 11, 1863, and was killed May 25, 1898. Only sixteen, in the bright beautiful morn of youth, before he had reached the full fruition of physical and intellectual manhood, leaving only the memory of his noble virtues and high natural abilities to illustrate the splendor of those accomplishments, which promised to crown his life in the future. Intelligent, manly brave, just as his feet were approaching the threshold of useful citizenship, the reaper death struck him down, and a representative boy of Calhoun was on more. Above his mangled remains bent an aged grandmother, upon whose head the winds of eighty winters had silvered the golden hues of youth; and ere the scalding tears were dried upon her furrowed cheek, her spirit, too, had left its decayed tenement, to join the loved one in its flight beyond the unclaimed continents to the undiscovered bowers of the summer land above.

"Age and beauty unite in realms of Eternal love. Years, months, and days are but one In that life above," W. W. W.

Editors and Publishers' Association of Alabama.

At their recent session in Gadsden, after the transaction of all the business before them, the Editors and Publishers' Association of Alabama adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, 1st. That the thanks of the Alabama Press Association are due and are hereby tendered to the South & North Alabama Press Southern and the Montgomery & Alabama Railroad for the courtesies extended the Association in passing its members to and from the convention, and especially to Col. Bell, of the Alabama Railroad, for their kind and generous assistance in putting at our disposal for several days, a special train with special coaches, on the excursion to Lookout Mountain, and that the convention appreciate these evidences of their friendship and good will.

Resolved, 2d. That the Calhoun County Sunday School Convention, held at Oxford, Ala., June 12th, 1898, be and is hereby declared the most successful of the kind ever held in this section, and that the Town Council, the various committees and the citizens of Gadsden generally have, by their hearty welcome and generous hospitality, placed the Association under special obligations, and that their efforts to contribute to the success and pleasure of the convention are acknowledged and appreciated and will be gratefully remembered by us individually and collectively.

Resolved, 3d. That the Secretary furnish the officers of each of the above mentioned railroad companies, and the Mayor and Town Council of Gadsden, a copy of the foregoing resolutions, and that the editors of the Gadsden papers be requested to publish them.

W. F. WILKINS, JR.,  
R. U. POWELL,  
JOURD WHITE, Com.

On board the steamer Magnolia the following resolutions were reported by the above named committee and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, 1st. That the Editors and Publishers' Association of Alabama, profoundly sensible of the courtesy shown its members by the Chamber of Commerce of the city of Rome, Ga., in chartering the beautiful steamer Magnolia, and giving us an excursion to Greensport down the picturesque Coosa, and the opportunity of witnessing the progress being made by the Government in the work of removing the obstructions to navigation in said river, be and is hereby indebted to the Chamber of Commerce for the pleasant and important information which they have afforded us the opportunity to enjoy.

Resolved, 2d. That we are deeply impressed with the material importance of the early completion of this needed work to the commerce and development of the States of Georgia and Alabama, and will cheerfully and earnestly lend our aid in presenting to the Government, through our respective papers, the great necessity of pushing to a speedy completion, the removal of those obstructions.

Resolved, 3d. That the Secretary of the Association furnish to the Chamber of Commerce of Rome, Ga., accompanied with the assurance of our hearty co-operation in this matter, and our high appreciation of the compliment paid the editors and publishers of Alabama, by their generous and thoughtful consideration.

Resolved, 4th. That we return our sincere thanks to the distinguished Committee of the Association for the kind and courteous invitation, to Capt. J. M. Gilt, and the officers of the beautiful steamer Magnolia, for courtesies so generously tendered on the excursion.

Do we Believe in Witchcraft?

"I take the position that we do not, in its broad sense," said a gentleman of years and experience; "and yet we find many of the present day carrying a Buckeye in their pocket through a kind of superstition, when they might be relieved by a few applications of Taylor's Buckeye Pile Ointment." This Ointment is made from the Buckeye, and is recommended for nothing else but Piles. Try it. It will cure you. Price, 50 cents per bottle. For Sale by all Druggists.

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**COLORED TEACHERS.**

An Institute for colored teachers will be held in Jacksonville on Saturday, the 5th day of July, 1898. The law requires all licensed teachers to attend the Institutes. All colored teachers in the county are expected to be present at this meeting.

The business will be conducted in accordance with the following program:

8.38—Opening exercises and enrollment of members.  
9.00—Paper on spelling, by Edward Anthony.  
9.30—Discussion.  
9.45—Paper on Reading, by Iry B. McAlpine.

10.15—Discussion.  
10.30—Paper on Writing, by Richard McAlpine.  
10.45—Discussion.  
11.00—Paper on Arithmetic, by James Cochran.  
11.30—Discussion.  
12.00—Intermission.

1.30—Paper on English Grammar, by Oscar McAlpine.  
2.00—Discussion.  
2.30—Paper on Geography, by E. G. Rayland.  
3.00—Discussion.  
3.30—Address—Subject: Moral training in school, by Peter J. McIntosh.

The County Superintendent expects to be able to pay all claims against the school fund up by the 1st of July. Teachers are therefore requested to have their contracts and Reports correctly made out, properly certified to by the Township Superintendent, and present them at this meeting.

G. B. RUSSELL, Board of Education.  
J. L. DODSON, do.  
Wm. J. BORDEN, do.

The price is only 50 cents, yet the real value is beyond estimation. We allude to that invaluable compound, Cousens' Honey of Tar, which has gained the enviable reputation of being the greatest cough medicine of the age. For Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Throat and Lung diseases it has no equal. Sufferers with consumption who use it always experience speedy relief. Try it. For sale by all druggists.

"ONLY."

From "only" one word many quarrels begin.

And "only this once" leads to many a sin.

"Only a penny" wastes many a pound.

"Only once more," and the liver was drowned.

"Only one drop" many drunkards have made.

"Only a play" many gamblers have said.

"Only a cold" opens many a grave.

"Only resist" many evils will save.

LOCAL MATTERS.

The FARMERS want 500 dozen eggs. 100,000 Spring Chickens, 100,000 Hides for which they will pay the HIGHEST Market Price.

A GREAT Break

Down

In Prices.

The Parrys are reducing their prices every day; they are buying their Goods cheaper; and consequently they are able to sell them lower.

Go to Parrys

TO BUY YOUR GOODS.

They pay cash for what they buy, and can sell lower than those who buy on time. They are offering clear silk meat from 63 to 70c per lb; lard from 9 to 12c; Coffee 16 to 18 cts per lb; Sugar 9 to 11c per lb. Garden Seeds of all kinds at COST! Five hundred pounds of Sole & Upper Leather at Tanners' prices. Large lot of

TIN WARE

lower than ever sold before. Jug and Jar ware at 10c per gallon.

Taxes all off

Smoking and Chewing Tobacco Sets per 10 lower than ever before.

SOMETHING STRANGE!

The Parrys have got

M E A T!

And will keep it constantly on hand in the future.

Why Do You Scrumble

about your Flour.

Go to Parrys and get the very best, and the good with will not make a

Why Face

at you about it.

as all stories must

do ours, and we end by saying that we sell as good goods as any one, and more of them than any one for the

**ROWAN, DEAN & CO.**

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

**DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES. HARD WARE. QUEENS WARE. DEANS & CO.**

In fact, everything kept in a first class establishment. Our Mr. Rowan attends personally to our purchases in New York, and buys to such advantage that we are enabled to give our customers the VERY BOTTOM OF THE MARKET. TRY us and see if you can't get BETTER BARGAINS than you can get elsewhere. We have the LARGEST and BEST assorted Stock in NORTH ALABAMA. THE TENNESEE WAGON, THE BEST WAGON on the market, sold by us:

ROME GEO. MARBLE WORKS. JONES & EDMUNDSON. AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE & GRANITE. And Manufacturers of Tombs, Monuments and Headstones.

ROME GEORGIA.

Write for what you want, and they will write you what it will cost you:

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The undersigned is Agent for (4) four good and reliable FIRE CO. PANIES of the South, to wit: GEORGIA HOME INSURANCE CO., COLU BUS, GEORGIA HUNTSVILLE, ALA. HO E PROTECTION " " SBL A, ALA. CENTRAL CITY " " "

COLUMBIAN INS., & BANKING CO., COLUMBIAN, MISSS. It is wisdom to insure your Dwellings Barns, Gin Houses, Merchandise, etc.

If you desire INSURANCE, call on me at JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, or address me through the mails.

I think I am warranted in saying that these Companies are all in a healthy condition financially, have a CAPITAL ample and sufficient to meet all their liabilities:

L. L. SWAN, Agent, Jacksonville, Ala.

April 26th, 1898—1 y

R. T. HOYT.

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Cancers Cured.

SCROFULOUS ULCERS AND

DANGERS ARE CURABLE.

Dr. S. C. Williams, after an experience of more than thirty years, is fully convinced that, after applied to in time, he can cure the above named diseases. As to his success in the treatment of the same, and as to his standing as a physician, he would respectfully refer to the following named gentlemen:

Dr. A. Pelham, Alexandria, Alabama  
Dr. J. V. Neale, Jacksonville, " "  
Dr. G. S. Francis, White Plains, " "  
Judge M. J. Turnley, Gadsden, " "  
J. W. Whiteside, Esp. Raleigh, N. C.  
And to the physicians, merchants and ministers of Oxford, Ala.; also to his former patients everywhere.

Charges moderate. S. C. WILLIAMS, M. D. Oxford, Ala.

April 6th, 1898—1 y.

Extract of a Letter

SEBASTY, Shelby County, Ala.  
Dr. S. C. WILLIAMS,

Dear Sir,

This is to inform you that my cancer is now well. I would not have it back as it was one month ago for five hundred dollars. Accept of my thanks for the same. I wish the whole world could know what success you have in curing cancers, as there are numbers who are suffering with it. Your charges are very moderate and medicine comparatively mild. Yours Truly, LARKIN VANDIVER.

ED. G. CALDWELL.

(At the old Forney Corner.)

Has on hand the best brands of Canning and Smoking TOBACCOS, including the popular Swanson's Pride and the celebrated Durham Smoking Tobacco. He has the largest stock of CIGARS in Town. Among his brands you will find the Solace, Margarita, Royal Standard and the favorite Tidal Wave.

Chocolate (Swiss), Imported Chow Chow, Boston Baked Beans, Salmon & Canned Goods in great variety at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Coffee, Sugar, Flour, Meal, Meat, Potatoes, Mackerel, Macaroni & Cheese at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Cheap Groceries for Cash at the old Forney Corner.

Fresh Lard at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Fresh Meat at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy anything in the GROCERY line CHEAP for CASH at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Go buy one of those fine Flows of the Towers patent at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

splendid lot of new Tin ware at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Finest article of kerosene oil at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

New lot of stone-ware at E. G. CALDWELL'S.



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 CRITICAL, REFINED AND RECHERCHÉ TASTES  
 infinitely invited to inspect our  
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**ETINGS.**  
 and Desirable Style  
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**ES DOBSON**



# Jacksonville

# Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 2201.

## THE REPUBLICAN.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY  
**J. F. & L. W. GRANT.**

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## A. WOODS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Special attention given to the collection of debts, the getting up of pension: and land warrant claims, the making out of homestead entries of lands, and the execution of old forfeited homestead entries of lands. Office in the southwest corner of the court-house, opposite the Circuit Clerk's office.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

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Will practice in all the courts of the 12th judicial district and the supreme and federal courts of the State.

W. W. WOODWARD,  
Attorney-at-Law

Solicitor in Chancery.  
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BRADFORD & STEVENSON,  
Attorney-at-Law.

Solicitors in Chancery.  
JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Alabama.

Have associated in the practice of their profession, and will attend to all business connected with them, in the counties of the 12th judicial circuit, and adjoining counties in the supreme courts of the State.

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Charges very moderate. JAY 26, 79-1

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MAMMOTH POSTERS

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Neatly,

Cheap,

AND

Promptly,

AT THE

REPUBLICAN OFFICE

## ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

Don't crowd and push in the march of life. Or tread on each other's toes. For the world at best, in its great unrest, is hard enough as it goes. Oh! why should the strong oppress the weak. Till the latter get the wrong of it. On this earth of ours, with its thorns and flowers, There is room enough for all.

If a lagging brother falls behind And drops from the trailing band, If fear and doubt put his soul to rout, Then lend him a helping hand. Cheer up his heart with the words of hope, Nor reason the speech with gall; In the great highway, on the busiest day, There is room enough for all.

If a man with the tread of a pioneer Steps out on your path ahead, Don't cringe his start, with an envious heart. For the mightiest once were led. But girl your loins for the coming day— Let nothing your heart appal— Catch up, if you can, with the forward man. There is room enough for all.

And if, by doing your duty well, You should get to lead the van. Brand not your name with a deed of shame. But come out an honest man. Keep a bright lookout on every side, Till, heeding the Master's call, Your soul shall go, from the world below, Where there's room enough for all.

## Nell's Ruse.

Mr. Asher, Mr. Cole; Mr. Cole, my old friend Tod Asher. And now gentlemen, that I have broken the ice, you will please excuse me for a few minutes, as I see I am wanted."

And the speaker, Harry Johnson, who was a general favorite, turned smilingly away, and crossed the hall-room to where a group of ladies stood gaily beckoning him with their fans.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Cole," murmured Mr. Asher, in a low, musical voice.

"The pleasure is mutual, I assure you," politely replied the gentleman addressed; "besides, it is an old conceit of mine, but you seem to me like an old friend. Your name is a strangely familiar."

"Indeed, no; I think we have never met before. I am a stranger in this part of the country. But come, if you do not intend to join the dancers, let us go to the piazza where we can watch them, and have a quiet chat."

"Agreed. Dancing is a bore, and a cigar is a better companion than a lady. Do you smoke?"

And as they seated themselves, Cole produced a cigar, and offered one to his companion.

The latter hesitated a moment, as if uncertain whether to accept or decline the invitation, then replied:

"Thank you, I do not smoke at present. My physician forbids it. I am in rather delicate health."

"So I should judge; you look anything but strong, and your complexion is as pale as a girl's."

"Indeed!" and the speaker's voice sounded coldly sarcastic. "Do you know that I consider that rather a compliment?"

"Umph! Our opinions differ somewhat on that subject, my friend. Now I don't believe that women are so much like angels as some people would make them out to be," replied Cole.

The handsome, girlish face of the listener flushed, and he exclaimed in astonishment: "You cannot have a mother and sisters, Mr. Cole, or you would not possess such an opinion."

"Sisters, no—a mother, yes—in Heaven. She was an angel and dear, Mr. Asher, if ever there was one, but the girls of to-day are not like her. They are but butterflies and care for nothing but flirtations and fashions."

"I hope and believe that you are mistaken, sir. Perhaps you have not sought for anything deeper than what a flirtation will reveal; and if so, how can you blame the ladies for playing the Roland to your Oliver?"

shortly after his companion saw him issue therefrom arm in arm with Harry Johnson, and together they walked quickly out of sight.

"Oh, Harry, cousin Harry. I shall certainly die, I know I shall. It was too ridiculous. I cried an unmistakably girlish voice. And again a clear rippling laugh burst from the lips of the one who was so lately introduced as Tod Asher.

"Don't Nell, for goodness' sake! If you predict such dreadful things, I'll never again consent to aid you in any more of your harum-scarum freaks. But by all that is laughable how Cole will be cut up, when he discovers the identity of my old friend Asher!"

And the young man joined in the girl's infectious mirth.

"And to think," cried Nell, still laughing, "of the miserable creature's boasting to my very face that he would bring Nell Atherton to his arms! Ugh! I could have kicked his ears then and there and the only thing that restrained me was the knowledge that he would make a fuss, and then every one would have recognized me."

"I'm very glad you didn't, Nell; you would have spoiled our denouement. And as Cole really needs taking down, I'm not sure but that it may be a very good lesson for him. Oh, by-the-by, when is the final understanding to take place?"

"Next Tuesday night. And now remember, Harry, you are not to be in the room with the girls; that would make it rather too embarrassing for me. But you can listen in the conservatory, and, after the affecting part is over, you can make your appearance as quickly as you choose—the sooner, the better."

"All right, Nell, you're a trump. I wish all the girls had your good looks and spirits," said Harry, admiringly.

"Thanks, cousin mine; and now, good night. I'm almost dead to death. I suppose it is from dragging around these clothes all the heavy evening. Ugh! think of having to wear such things every day of one's life."

And with a laugh that had little of weariness in it she ran gaily up the stairs.

"You promised me my answer to night, Nell darling. What is it? Am I to be the happiest, or the most miserable of men?"

"Well, really, Mr. Cole, you are so impatient, one would almost believe your heart is concerned."

"Alas! I have no heart. Your bright eyes charmed it from me weeks ago, fair Nell. Why will you torture me thus?"

"I torture you? Positively you amuse me. The idea of a lady's having power to annoy you. How absurd!"

And she laughed gaily, apparently quite at her ease; while her suitor, completely nonplussed at her odd behavior, gazed at her wonderingly, than said, affectionately:

"What has come over you, sweet one? You were not wont to be so sarcastic. Do you delight to see the sorrow you inflict on a loving heart?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Do you know what that is, Mr. Cole? I thought you did not believe in love."

He started, and gazed at her curiously, then exclaimed, reproachfully:

"How could I be blind to such charms as yours, my peerless Nell! For come, have done with all this irony, and tell me you will be my own sweet bride."

"Never!"

And her clear voice rang out contemptuously.

"What! you refuse me?"

And he sprang angrily to her feet.

"I do, most decidedly; and more than that, I tell you that I despise you, Mr. Cole."

"Madam!" cried he, in blank astonishment.

"Yes sir, I do. I despise a braggart and a coward. A coward you are, or you would not talk so lightly of the ladies, and win their hearts but to break them. You are a braggart, because even to a stranger you do not hesitate to boast of your conquests and venture so far as to mention the name of your lady-love."

"Who told you all this?" gasped the astonished man.

"You did, Mr. Cole? I suspected you for your flattery was so fulsome."

Judge Bogan.

When Judge Bogan was a practicing lawyer in Georgia he weighed about 300 pounds. He was a short man, and had no coupling pole between his head and shoulders. His back was as broad as a collar door. Of course he was a good-natured man, but sometimes was very sarcastic in the use of language before a jury. One day he had a case in a justice court, in one of the upper counties of Georgia, and there was a little lawyer on the other side named Wiggins. Wiggins weighed about ninety pounds, and was game and sassy, like most all little men, and had a voice as fine as the E string on a fiddle.

Well, the Judge was rolling along in a good-natured way to the jury, and made some allusions that insulted Wiggins' dignity. Whereupon Wiggins jumped up like a killed deer and lit the Judge a whack on the back.

The Judge looked round a little, and, saying, "What you 'bout, Wiggins—what you 'bout?"

"I'm a flin!" says Wiggins.

"Set down and behave yourself," said the Judge, and his eyes twinkled merrily as he continued his ramshoddy of random remarks. Pretty soon he offended Wiggins again, who, rising forward, tumultuously popped him three or four times more, making as much impression as if he had hit the side of a house.

"What you 'bout, Wiggins? What you tryin' to do?" said the Judge as he winked at the jury.

"I tell you sir, I'm a flin!" screamed Wiggins, and he popped him again.

The Judge reached his arm back and gently "squeezed" Wiggins down in his chair, saying "Set down, Wiggins, and be quiet, or I'll take you by the nape of the neck and send the blue birds will build in your high pocket before you come down. Be still, I say!"

Wiggins "beed still," but he studied the code of honor for a few days and then went back to his tailor's trade.

When the Judge was elevated to the bench he didn't give the jurors much latitude in making up a verdict. If the verdict didn't suit him he charged 'em over again and sent 'em back. One day Colonel Foster was defending a fellow who was sued on a promissory note and wound up an eloquent speech with "these are grand principles of the law, gentlemen, which control these cases. They are as old as England, as solid as the blue Ridge and have come down to us unimpaired by the tide of time or the wreck of bloated Empires, and so will his Honor charge you."

The Judge was leaning forward, his eyes sparkling and his mouth twitching at the corners. Hardly waiting for the Colonel to sit down he said: "His Honor won't charge you any such thing, gentlemen; for those eternal principles my Brother Foster has elucidated have no more to do with the case than the Koran of Mahomet. This defendant admits that he signed this note, and if you believe him, then all these dilatory, ingratulatory, purgatory pleas that he has ripped up, tripped up, dug up, stumped up and trumped up, won't avail him. What do you say to that, Brother Foster, eh?"

"Nothing, sir; only that I am obliged to differ with the Court," said the Colonel.

"Yes, sir, you can differ; you have the right to differ; but where the Court and the counsel differ, the Court prevails, and that's the law of this case, gentlemen. Retire and make up your verdict."

## A Chatter-Box.

Boxes of various kinds play an important part in our lives. From our earliest days, when rocked in a pine box cradle, until the hour when our mortal remains are "boxed up" and conveyed to mother earth, we are in one kind of a box or another. During our tender years, owing to a thirst for knowledge, we were often called a chatter-box by our elders, and received many a box on the ear for being a saucy-box. In both cases it was a bad box for us—indeed, juvenile life seems full of such receptacles, being a very Pandora of miseries.

The hand-box is a pasteboard affair, so called because having no hand to keep it together it is constantly falling apart and into difficulties, especially at such times when exposure of its contents is the least desirable. It is now chiefly used by the very old ladies and milliner girls.

The oyster-box is patronized by married men, who returning late from the lodge have a deep-seated conviction that their wives or mother-in-laws are warming their feet and wrath at the kitchen fire. The contents of this box has a wonderful effect in allaying domestic difficulties on such occasions.

The mission of the packing-box is to inflict contusions on hurried pedestrians by obstructing the side-walk, and, by entangling the drapery of ladies, to render a shopping excursion necessary the next day.

The cash-box is met with in the offices of paymasters and in works of fiction; never having handled one myself my knowledge of them is limited. Viewed from afar, I should say they were made of tin, and contained a supply of the same.

Sentry and watch-boxes are consigned; they are usually found with a man inside of them; if thrown over at such times there is apt to be a disturbance in the neighborhood.

The cartridge-box is used extensively in the army. Its contents are apt to go off suddenly.

The powder-box is patronized by young ladies, evidences of which may be found on the coat collars of their gentlemen admirers. Nurses sometimes make use of it.

Dice-boxes are used to keep dice out of. Were they kept in, no harm would result from their use.

The contribution-box when viewed in church has the wonderful power of increasing devotion. Instances of temporary blindness have also resulted from the sight of it.

The missionary-box is found in Sunday schools, and is designed to teach credulous children the virtues of self-denial by abstaining from pea-nuts and

taffy, that the heathen may have a white man to wait upon.

The poor-box is similar to the above and generally contains a choice assortment of old coppers and worn-out buttons.

The Christmas-box is one of the few boxes that children are interested in. The contents, unfortunately, however, often render a resort to the pill-box necessary, the latter being a household institution in many families, more or less effective at such times.

The sardine-box is often found in company with retired oyster cans in vacant lots. They may be used as a candlestick by persons economically inclined.

"To box the compass" is a sailor's amusement being a sort of nautical multiplication table, there being nothing combative in the ceremony.

Snuff-boxes are bestowed by monarchs as rewards to those whom they delight to honor. It is not at all necessary that the recipient should be a snuff taker. These boxes are very valuable, being equal to a corner grocery. A more common kind of box used to hold snuff may be bought for ten cents.

Cigar-boxes are used to try the ingenuity and Jack-knives of young Americans, as well as for their mothers to keep various articles of housewifery in.

## Hasslar's Eccentricities.

Hasslar was hampered and embarrassed continually by limited appropriations. His operations were not of that character easily seen; Congress wondered continually what he was about. While he was systematizing methods and training assistants, Congress was shrugging its shoulders and clamoring because results were inadequate to expenditures. Hasslar was an eccentric man of irascible disposition and great independence of character. On one occasion a committee from Congress waited upon him in his office to inspect his work.

"You come to 'spect my work, eh? Vat you know 'bout my work? Vat you going to 'spect?"

The gentlemen conscious of their ignorance, tried to smooth his ruffled temper by an explanation, which only made matters worse.

"You knows nothing 'bout my work. How can you 'spect my work, ven you knows nothing? Get out here; you in my way. Congress be von big vol to send you to 'spect my work. I ave no time to vaste with such as knows nothing vat I am 'bout. Go back to Congress and tell dem vat I say."

The committee did "go back to Congress" and report amid uproarious laughter, the result of their inspecting interview.

When Hon. Levi Woodbury was Secretary of the Treasury, he and Hasslar could not agree as to the compensation to be allowed to the superintendent, and Hasslar was referred to the President, at whose discretion the law placed the settlement of the dispute.

"So, Mr. Hasslar, it appears the Secretary and you cannot agree about this matter," remarked Jackson, when Hasslar had stated his case in his usual emphatic style.

"No, Sir, ve can't."

"Well, how much do you really think you ought to have?"

"Six thousand dollars, Sir."

"Why, Mr. Hasslar, that is as much as Mr. Woodberry, my Secretary of the Treasury, receives."

"Mr. Woodberry!" screamed Hasslar rising from his chair and vibrating his long forefinger toward his own heart. "Pl-e-e-n-t-y, Mr. Woodberrys, pl-e-e-n-t-y, Mr. Everybodies, for Secretary of the Treasury; v-o-n-e, v-o-n-e, Mr. Hasslar for de dead head of de Coast Survey!" and erecting himself in a haughty attitude, he looked down upon Jackson in supreme scorn at his daring comparison.

President Jackson, sympathizing with a character having some traits in common with his own, granted Hasslar's demand, and at the close of the next cabinet meeting told the joke, to the great entertainment of the gentlemen present.

## What to Teach Boys.

To be true—to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true and genuine in intention and in action, rather than being learned in all sciences and all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, more than culture, more than earthly power or position. To be pure in thought, language and life—pure in mind and body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves with smutty stories and impure examples, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old, who were banished from society, and compelled to cry "unclean," as a warning to savethers from the pestilence. To be unselfish; to care for the feelings and comforts of others; to be polite; to be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged, and things sacred. To be self-reliant and self-helpful, even from early childhood; to be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful. When a boy has learned these things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being—how ever young he may be, however poor, or however rich, he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these properly mastered, it will be easy to find all the rest.

## Lambrequins.

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, dropping in upon me for a morning's call, "what an extravagant creature that young Mrs. Harman is! why, just as I was coming through the back yard I happened to glance up, and I declare, if there to all her kitchen windows didn't hang the most beautiful lace lambrequins I ever set my eyes on!"

"Lace lambrequins at her kitchen windows! you must be mistaken."

"No, I am not, and if you don't believe it, just go and see for yourself. I did so; and there, sure enough, were hung what appeared to be elegant lace lambrequins."

"She'll ruin that husband of hers," continued Mrs. Brown. "I must say it makes me angry to see such doings. Mr. Brown is worth twice as much as her husband, and I never thought of having any but green paper curtains at any of my windows."

"Well," I remarked, "I think myself it is a very extravagant move. Young persons, when starting in life, should be economical, if ever, and look out for a rainy day."

"Have you called?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"No, but I should like to."

"Then suppose you slip on your bunnet, and we'll step over. Those lambrequins have made me kind o' curious."

I assented, and in less than five minutes we stood at the door of a pretty cottage.

"Good morning, ladies," said Mrs. Harman, appearing at the door in a neat calico dress, "walk in," and she ushered us into a cool, shady room, whose windows were draped with curtains of white dotted muslin.

She was very social, and we fell at once into a pleasant chat. At last Mrs. Brown introduced the topic of domestic economy.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Harman, "I know something of economy. Harry and I are just starting in life, and I feel we ought to save in every way we can, without infringing on our real comfort. He wanted me to keep a girl, but I said no; that I had much rather do my own work, and I find it very pleasant, too. Through the hot weather I arise bright and early, and get all the baking and sweeping away before breakfast; then I have plenty of leisure to sew. Yesterday I finished those curtains (pointing to the window); I didn't think they would do so well. I made them out of a couple of old white dresses that I had thrown aside—"

"You ought to have put your lace lambrequins in here," said Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Harman looked puzzled.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Why, them beautiful lace things you've got hanging up to your windows. I couldn't think of such extravagance in my house."

Mrs. Harman broke into a hearty laugh.

"Won't you step out and look at them?" she asked.

"Well, I never! if I ain't beat!" uttered the amazed Mrs. Brown, as we surveyed them. For lo and behold, they were nothing but newspapers, cut and notched in imitation of lace pattern.

Mrs. H. kindly showed us how to fold the papers and cut them, so we both walked home and hung lace lambrequins at our kitchen windows. Try it.

## Mysterious Transparent Clock.

One of Houdin's most puzzling contrivances was a clock, consisting simply of a brass hand and a glass dial, and which, in spite of its complete transparency and absolute lack of anything corresponding to an inside pendulum or weights, kept accurate time, and what was more curious still, returned to correct time if purposely moved backward or forward. There were other performances of this mysterious timepiece, but the chief source of interest was the veritable keeping of time by a clock without any works, and the same kind of mechanical mystery has since been frequently exhibited, very much to the bewilderment of people in general, if not to the more ingenious of mechanicians. The French Society for the Encouragement of National Industry has recently been investigating and reporting on the subject. They have issued a "bulletin," illustrated by engravings, which lays bare the mystery in all its details. Without entering into the minutiae of the matter, it may be explained that the mechanism, it appears, lies coiled up in the ornamental knob in which he hand terminates behind the central pivot—at the end of the hand opposite to the point indicating the time on the dial. This knob contains the whole of the clock-work, consisting of a main spring and a system of wheels which carry round a little platinum weight once in twelve hours. The motion of this weight round the inside of the ornamental knob keeps altering the centre of gravity of the delicately-balanced hand, which thus by its own weight moves in a circle round the dial once in twelve hours, or, by a simple modification of the machinery, once every hour. It is easy to see that as any external interference with the hand or hands of such a clock does not effect the motion of the little platinum weight, they must naturally revert to the position in which that weight will sustain them on being allowed to move freely again.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A man who cannot mind his own business is not fit to be trusted with the king's.

Gray hairs seem like the light of a soft morn, silencing over the evening of life.

There is a German proverb which says that Take-It-Easy and Live-Long are brothers.

The best teacher of duties that still lie due to us is the practice of those we see and have at hand.

Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.

The most miserable pettifogging in the world is that of a rich man in the court of his own conscience.

Would you learn to judge kindly an offending brother, place yourself in the position of the culprit.

Those who are formed to win general admiration are seldom calculated to bestow individual happiness.

The remembrance of a beloved mother or father, the shadow of all our actions; it either goes before or follows.

A soul which studies its spiritual interests in a quarter of an hour's daily meditation can never be lost.

No man is rich whose expenditures exceed his means; and no man is poor whose incomes exceed his outgoings.

Toil, think, feel, hope. A man is sure to dream enough before he dies without making arrangements for the purpose.

Happy is he who has learned to do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, wherever and whatever it may be.

The poorest of the poor have been as brave as the wealthy; the learned have died gloriously, but the unlearned have almost stolen the palm.

A mind trained to self-denial meets trials with an amount of reserved moral force















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### THE END.

The course of the weariest river  
Ends in the great gray sea;  
The scum, for ever and ever,  
Strives upward to the tree;  
The rainbow, the sky adorning,  
Shines promise through the storm;  
The glimmer of coming morning  
Through midnight gloom will form.  
By time all knots are riven,  
Complex though they be,  
And peace will at last be given,  
Dear, both to you and me.

Then, though the path may be dreary,  
Look onward to the goal;  
Though the heart and the head be weary,  
Let faith inspire the soul.  
Seek the right, though the wrong be tempting,  
Speak truth at any cost;  
Vain is all weak sympathy;  
When once the goal is met,  
Let strong hand and keen eye be ready,  
For plain and ambushed foe;  
Though earnest and fancy steady  
Bear best unto the close.

The heavy clouds may be raining,  
But with evening comes the light;  
Through the dark are low winds complaining,  
Yet the sunrise glides the height;  
And love has his hidden treasure  
For the patient and the pure;  
And time gives his full measure  
To the workers who endure;  
And the future is all shrouded  
Has the future all shrouded  
For we know that when we awaken  
We shall be satisfied.

### John and I.

"Come, John," said I, cheerfully, "it really is time to go; if you stay any longer I shall be afraid to come down and lock the door after you."

My visitor rose—a proceeding that almost reminded me of the giant emerging from the copper vessel, as he measured six feet three—and stood looking reproachfully down upon me.

"You are in a great hurry to get rid of me," he said.

Now I didn't agree with him, for he had made his usual call of two hours and a half, having, in country phrase, taken to "sitting up" with me so literally that I was frequently at my wit's end to suppress the yawn that I knew would bring a troop rushing after it.

He was a fine, manly-looking fellow, this John Cranford, old for his age—32—and every way worthy of being loved. But I didn't love him. I was seven years his senior, and when instead of letting the worn of concealment prey on his damask cheek he ventured to tell his love for my mature self, I remorselessly seized an English prayer-book, and pointed sternly to the clause, "A man may not marry his grandmother." That was three years ago, and I added, encouragingly, "besides, John you are a child and don't know your own mind."

"If a man of nineteen doesn't know his own mind," remonstrated my lover, "I would like to know who should. But I will wait for you seven years, if you say so—fourteen—as Jacob did for Rachel."

"You forget," I replied, laughing at his way of mending matters, "that a woman does not, like wine, improve with age. But seriously, John, this is absurd; you are a nice boy, and I like you—but my feelings toward you are more those of a mother than a wife."

The boy's eyes flashed indignantly; and before I could divine his intention he lifted me from the spot where I stood, and carried me, infant fashion, to the sofa at the other end of the room.

"I could almost find it in my heart to shake you," he muttered, as he set me down with emphasis.

This was rather like the courtship of William of Normandy, and matters promised to be quite exciting.

not find at all alluring. They seemed to have set their hearts upon me as a person peculiarly fitted to train John in the way he should go.

A special interview with Mr. Cranford, at his particular request, touched me considerably.

"I hope," said he, "that you will not refuse my boy, Miss Edna. He has set his heart so fully upon you, and you are everything that I could desire in a daughter. I want some one to pet. I feel sadly and lonely at times and I am sure that you would just fill the vacant niche."

I drew my hand away from his caress, and almost felt like doing John Cranford. Life with him would be one of ease and luxury; but I decided that I had rather keep boarders.

Not long after this the Cranfords concluded to go to homekeeping, and Mrs. Shellgrove was in her glory. She always came to lunch now in her bonnet, and gave us minute details of all that had been done and talked about the house in the last twenty-four hours.

"It is really magnificent," said she, lengthening out each syllable. "Brother has such perfect taste; and he is actually furnishing the library, Miss Edna, after your suggestion. You see, we look upon you quite as one of the family."

"That is very good of you," I replied, shortly; "but I certainly have no expectation of ever belonging to it."

Mrs. Shellgrove laughed as though I had perpetrated an excellent joke.

"Young ladies always deny these things, of course; but John tells a different story. I rattled the cups and saucers angrily; and my thoughts floated off not to John, but to John's father, sitting lonely in the library furnished after my suggestion. Wasn't it after all my duty, to marry the girl generally?"

The house was finished and moved into, and John spent his evenings with me. I used to get dreadfully tired of him. He was really too devoted to be at all interesting, and I had reached that state of feeling that, if summarily ordered to take my choice between him and the gulls, I would have prepared myself for hanging with a sort of cheerful alacrity.

I looked the door upon John on the evening in question, when I had finally gotten rid of him, with these feelings in force; and I meditated while undressed on some desperate move that should bring matters to a crisis.

But the boy had become roused at last. He, too, had reflected in the watches of the night; and next day I received quite a dignified letter from him, telling me that business called him from the city, for two or three weeks, and that possibly on his return I might appreciate his devotion better. I might appreciate his devotion better. I might appreciate his devotion better. I might appreciate his devotion better.

Time flew, however, and the three weeks lengthened to six without John's return. He wrote to me but his letters were so somewhat constrained; and I scarcely knew what to make of him. If he would only give me up, I thought; but I felt sure he would hold me to that weak promise of mine, that I should either become Edna Cranford or remain Edna Carrington.

Mr. Cranford was announced one evening, and I entered the parlor fully prepared for an overdose of John, but found myself confronted by his father.

### Lobsters.

When the young lobster leaves its parent it seeks refuge in small clefts of the rocks, or crevices at the bottom of the sea, where it passes the earliest days of its existence in a vagabond state, for a period of from 30 to 40 days. During this time it undergoes four different changes of the shell, but on the fourth it loses its natatorial organs, and is therefore no longer able to swim on the surface of the water, but falls to the bottom lying torpid and motionless, where it remains for the future; according, however, to its increase in size it gains courage to approach the shore, which it left at its birth. The number of enemies which assail the young embryos in the deep sea is enormous. Thousands of all kinds of fish, mollusks and crustacea are pursuing it continually to destroy it. The very changing of the shell causes great ravages at these periods, as the young lobsters have to undergo a crisis which appears to be a necessary condition to their rapid growth. In fact, every young lobster loses and renames its crusty shell from eight to ten times the first year, five to seven the second, three to four the third, and from two to three the fourth year. After the fifth year the change is only annual. For some days before the change the animal loses its usual strength and vigor, lying torpid and motionless; and just before casting its shell, striking its claws against each other, every limb seems to tremble. Then the body swells in an unusual manner, and the shell begins to divide—it seems turned inside out, the stomach coming away with its shell. In like manner the claws are disengaged, the lobster casting them off much as a person would kick off a boot too big for him. For several hours it now continues enfeebled and motionless, but in two days the new skin becomes hardened, and within 48 hours the shell is perfectly formed and hard, like the one cast off. Below in his native element the lobster reaches the age of 20 years, and loses a foot or claw without feeling the loss, for he well knows it will grow again. When suddenly alarmed by a peal of thunder, or the report of a cannon, its shoots its claws immediately. So-called "lady" is simply the cartilaginous stomach, and would not be good eating because it is tough. The delicious "tomalley" is the liver, while the impregnated eggs form the "coral" and are considered a delicacy. The lobster is often caught in a kind of trap, or "lobster-pot," as it is called. It is made with narrow strips of board or lath nailed upon strong hoops, so as to give it an oval form upon the top. Inside are placed stones to sink it to a certain depth. At each end of the pot is a network of cord fastened to a small hoop in the center of the net. Trough this hoop of six inches diameter, perhaps, the lobster struggles to get the bait placed inside the cage. But when once in he finds himself a prisoner; for he cannot retreat at the same door by which he entered. The situation of the trap is marked by a buoy, and is visited at intervals to remove the lobster and make room for others. They are sometimes caught with merely a piece of fish tied to a string—the lobster convey the bait to his mouth with his claws, and will let you draw him to the surface if you do it quietly so as not to alarm him, but if he is frightened in the least he is off like a flash. You must grasp the instant his horns are out of the net, and then the lobster is yours.

Mr. Cranford was announced one evening, and I entered the parlor fully prepared for an overdose of John, but found myself confronted by his father.

He looked very grave; and instantly I imagined that some dire calamity had befallen myself from my mother.

"John is well?" I guessed finally.

"Quite well," was the reply in such kind tones that I felt sure there was something wrong.

What it was I cared not, but poured forth my feelings impetuously to my astonished visitor.

"He must not come here again!" I exclaimed. "Do not wish to see him. Tell him so, Mr. Cranford! tell him that I had rather remain Edna Carrington, as he made me promise, than to become Edna Cranford."

"And he made you promise this?" was the reply. "The selfish fellow? But, Edna, what an I do to do without the little girl that I have been expecting? I am very lonely—so lonely that I do not see how I can give her up."

I glanced at him and the room seemed swimming round—everything was dreadfully unreal. I tried to sit down, and was carried tenderly to the sofa.

"Shall I be Edna Carrington or Edna Cranford?" he whispered. "You need not trouble to John."

"Edna Cranford," I replied, feeling that I had left the world entire and was in another sphere of existence.

If the thought crossed my mind that Mr. Cranford had rather cheerfully supplanted his son, the proceeding was fully justified during the visit which I soon received from the young gentleman. I tried to make it plain to him that I did not want him, but never professed to love him though not at all sure that I wouldn't receive the shaking threatened on a previous occasion, and I endeavored to be as tender as possible, for I felt very sorry for him.

To my surprise, John laughed.

he gathered up his drifting-lar, pick, and shovel, and crossed over the hill to Flower District, where he set to work, and was out of sight under the base of a big hill long before morning. He was seen on the surface, in the twilight and of moonlight nights, two or three times each year by the miners of Flattery until about three years ago, when he seemed to have disappeared for good. No one cared much whether he had gone, for he was an unsightly old man and exceedingly snappish and disagreeable. One morning about six months ago some Indians rushed into the village of Flattery in a terrible fright, saying the "devil" had appeared in their camp. A few miners went with the Indians and found old Pete sitting in the middle of their rancheria beside a big hole, through which it has been said he had just risen. The old man's eyes were glassy and his gray hairs were matted with clay, like those of a badger just dragged from his hole, and it was easy to see that he was on his last legs. He said he had come to the surface to get a mouthful of fresh air in order that he might have strength to die. He had just like enough left to say that he had been away up under the roots of the Conestock during the past three years, and had there seen more wealth than Fair, Mackey, or any mining millionaire of them all had ever dreamed of. They will never find it, though," chuckled he; "they will never find it. They will become discouraged far above, up among the twisting clays and cross-courses and faults and great horres of porphyry. I must die now, but none of them will ever find what I have seen—no, never!" So saying, the old fellow suddenly pressed his hands to his breast, a rattling came from his throat, he fell backwards upon the ground, gasped, and clutched the gravel with his bony fingers, a tremor passed through his frame, he straightened out, and was dead.

There is a lady residing in Omaha who has the most beautiful black hair—three feet and more in length, soft, glossy, waving, the pride of her husband and envied by all the ladies who know her. She has been in the habit of having her servant give it a good washing with soap and water every few days. One Friday night the customary cleansing was done, and the servant attempted to do an extra good job. She had the water hotter than usual, used more soap, and folding the long waving tresses over the top of the head, she rubbed and rubbed them until they were covered with white foam. After a little time she poured cold water on and rinsed it, and dried it with a towel. After waiting awhile she got a comb and brush, but to her astonishment she found the great roll of hair as hard as a brick. The comb would no more penetrate the solid roll than it would a stone wall. It then was washed and wetted and rubbed again, and to the utter amazement of the lady and servant, the mass of hair was harder and more compact than ever. It could not be persuaded, coaxed nor combed out of that gnarled mass. Here was a pretty state of affairs. A consultation was held and the servant was sent for a professional hairdresser, but it was so late at night that none could be found. Early on Saturday morning the lady bundled up her head and went to a worker in hair. It was beyond the hair-worker's ken. It had now become so hard that a knitting needle could not be pushed through it, and the lady was told that the only hope was to cut it off. That was a catastrophe she could not think of without weeping, and, as her husband was away and she would be a school-boy's. She could not possibly have it cut off. Then she went for a hair-dresser again.

This time he came, and a moment's examination enabled him to explain matters.

"Madam," he said, "your hair has been 'fulled' just on the same principle that they full cloth in a fulling mill. There is no way to save it but to pick it out hair at a time."

She told him to go to work, and for five hours he toiled away. At the end of that time he had it straightened out, with the loss of about one-half of the original quantity. And so ended this chapter on a lady's hair.

Dr. E. R. Heath, in a paper on "Puritan Antiquities," describes a strange people living in a town called Eton in seven degrees south latitude and about two miles from the sea. They number about four thousand, and speak, beside the Spanish, a language which some of the recently brought over Chinese laborers understand, but there is no other similarity between the two peoples. Their intermarry, and their customs, and dress of their own, and live by building huts and mats and weaving cloths. They will give no account of the place whence they came, or of the time they settled at Eton. History does not mention their existence before the Spaniards arrived. There are no sick or deformed persons among them, their custom being to send a committee to each sick or old person, and those who are reported past discovery or usefulness are promptly strangled by the public executioner. Elders order it, they say, and with Eton's orders there is no interference.

Paul Binle Chaffard, who was a Professor at the Academy of Medicine in Paris, and whose death was announced a short time ago, carried the law of his art to its furthest limit. He was being confined two or three months ago by a man who was evidently suffering from some acute form of skin disease, he looked at him attentively, and then, as a strange light sparkled in his eye, he exclaimed:

"Extraordinary—unparalleled—inconceivable!"

The startled patient eagerly inquired if it was a "bad case."

"I rather think it is," replied the Doctor. "You're suffering from the Jewish leprosy—that's all!"

"Mon Dieu!" gasped the poor patient. "Don't distress yourself," continued the Professor; "it was simply a form of disease that we had lost sight of. It had entirely disappeared, but now we have found it again, thanks to you. You're really doing us a good service, and I am delighted!"

During the late wind storm in the vicinity of Philadelphia, Pa., a large lantern on top of the elephant house in the Zoological Garden was demolished and pieces of the heavy glass fell into the cage occupied by the elephants. The female elephant in walking around the enclosure trod on one of the fragments and, being in her bare feet, received a painful wound. She set up a howl that made the roar of the storm seem the sighing of a zephyr by contrast. Her companions were found to be comforting her as well as he could by trying to roar louder than she did, and by letting a half pint of water from the trough into her trunk, which was wound tenderly about the wounded leg of the prostrate beast. Dr. Chapman, surgeon to the Zoological society, was summoned. She was secured by ropes and thrown on her side on a bed of straw, treatment which evoked from her some extra efforts in the roaring line. When Dr. Chapman began to probe softly around the wound with a lancet, however, she showed an elephant's instinctive respect for a friend by ceasing her howling and holding the injured foot perfectly still. Dr. Chapman successfully removed the fragments of glass, stopped the flow of blood from the wound, and in a few minutes the huge beast was again on her feet, looking as amiable as a lamb.

### Antie's Robbers.

Black eyes, blue eyes, grey eyes—three pairs, all as bright as diamonds, and all—three as earnestly as did the three little tongues below them—for antie to tell them a story.

"Another story!" exclaimed antie, "why I've told you two already to-day."

"I know it, antie," said black-eyed Will, always ready with an answer, "but you see how it rains so we can't play out, and 'sides—I guess I don't feel very well—my head kinder aches."

And we're drest tired playing in the attic, I put in blue-eyed baby Bess, and I do want to 'us' cuddle in somebody's arms, and I'll keep 'us as still as my little mice."

"She'd think you're big enough to say 'attin' 'stead of 'nattie,'" muttered Robbie, the owner of the big grey eyes; "but say, antie, won't you tell us a robber story?"

"Yes, yes, antie, a robber story," echoed Will, while Bessie, "cuddled" in antie's arms and prepared to be frightened by the horrors to come. "Can't you think of a true robber story with lots of fighting in it?" he added.

Antie, like the little old man, had to "scratch her head and think" for she could not say "No" to the little pleaders.

"Well, I'll do the best I can," he said smiling, "I'll tell you about a robber that once lived in a country a long way from here." (Bessie gave a great sigh of relief at the last words—"a long way from here.") "They were—big, ugly-looking fellows, regular savages, like all the people of those countries. They did not have nice houses like ours but just dug holes in the ground, piled in a lot of coconuts, and that was all the furniture they cared for. They drank salt water instead of fresh water like ours, and used to carry about with them wherever they went two bags, of skin which they filled every morning in the ocean, which was near their home."

"Why did they carry water around with them all the time?" queried Will.

"Well, I think they wanted water very often, and being away from home much of the time, they wanted to have it handy," replied antie. "It is in that country the coconuts grow, which you children are so fond of—and these queer old robbers like them even better than you do, for they would not eat anything else."

"No, no, no, no," asked Robbie. "Doestn't the chief of his diet."

"No, they were vegetarians," replied antie; "that's what people who eat no meat are called. But did you ever see any coconuts as they grow on the tree, children?"

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The higher up the mountain you climb the higher you can see.

We are as liable to be corrupted by books as by companions.

The great misfortune of all is not to be able to bear misfortune.

One can not bear to pay for an article he used to get for nothing.

Age that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living.

Example is always more efficacious than precept.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

A man used to vicissitudes is not easily defeated.

One smile for the living is worth a dozen tears for the dead.

Laziness is a premature death. To be in no action, is not to live.

Divine vengeance comes with feet of lead, but strikes with the hand of iron.

Absence destroys trifling intimacies, but it invigorates strong ones.

To the blessed eternity itself there is no other hand











